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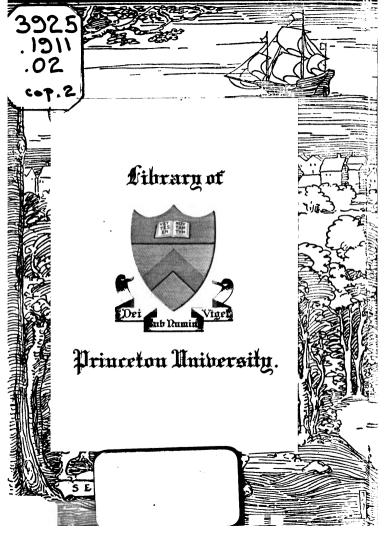
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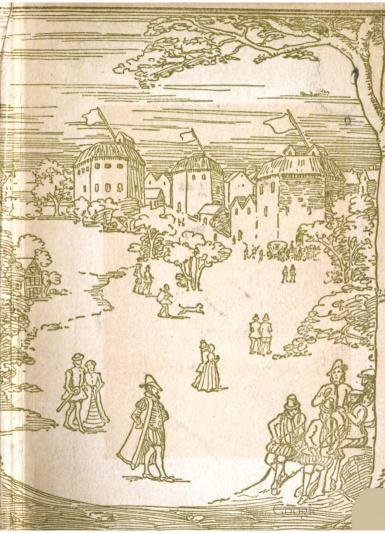
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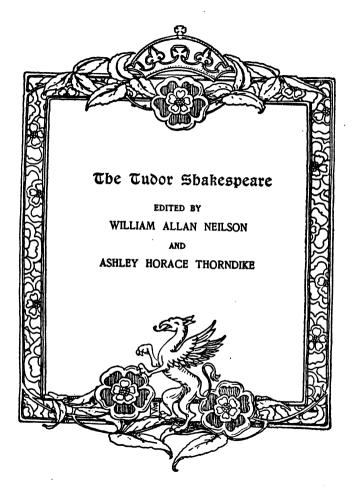


A · MIDSUMMER - NIGHT'S · DREAM ·

RECAP









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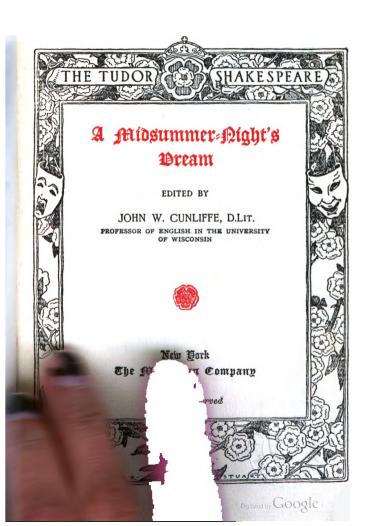
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Queen Elizabeth



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Introduction

Text. — The Stationers' Registers for 1600 contain an entry under the date October 8 of a license to Thomas Fisher for "A booke called A mudsommer nightes Dreame." and this obviously refers to what is now known as the first quarto (O_1) , the title of which runs : AMidsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete. 1600." The Neilson text used in the present issue of the play is based upon Q1. There is another quarto (O2) with the title: "A Midsommer nights As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted, dreame. by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by James Roberts, 1600"; but recent investigation by Messrs. Pollard, Greg, and Neidig indicates that this was a piratical edition, really published, not in 1600, but in 1610. It follows Q₁ page by page, and differs from it chiefly in the correction of minor errors and the addition of some stage directions. Further stage directions and the division into acts were added in the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays (1623), the folio text of A Midsummer-Night's Dream being apparently set up from a stage copy of Q2, as Q2 had been set up from a copy of Q1.

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Date of Composition. — The one bit of certain and important evidence under this head is that A Midsummer-Night's Dream is mentioned by Francis Meres in his Palladis Tamia, which was published in 1508. editors agree that the play was written about 1504-1505. This conclusion is supported by various considerations as to the workmanship of the play - its versification, the skill displayed in the character drawing, the richness of the humor, and the supreme lyrical note, which suggests that A Midsummer-Night's Dream was composed about the same time as Romeo and Juliet, where we find (in Mercutio's Oueen Mab speech) Shakespeare's mind again at play with fairy lore. This date also agrees with somewhat doubtful allusions which have been discerned in the play itself. Of these the most trustworthy appears to be Titania's description of the unseasonable weather resulting from her quarrel with Oberon (II. i. 88-117), which would have additional point if the audience had in mind the summer of 1504; several contemporary authorities make mention of this as an unusually wet season. The lines.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary (V. i. 52-53),

describe very accurately one of Spenser's minor poems, The Teares of the Muses, which was published in 1591; but poems of this kind were not uncommon. A parallel for the lion scenes (III. i. and V. i.) has been found in the substitution of a Moor for a lion that should have drawn a triumphal car at the baptism of Prince Henry of Scotland on August 30, 1594, "because his presence might have

brought some fear to the nearest"; but this is probably nothing more than a coincidence. The attempt to connect A Midsummer-Night's Dream with some courtly marriage, at best a conjecture, affords no clue as to the date.

Sources. — The relation of Theseus to Hippolyta, and the names of Egeus and Philostrate Shakespeare found (or might have found) in The Knightes Tale of Chaucer: Lysander and Demetrius are names in North's Plutarch, a volume which Shakespeare used for his Roman plays, and from which he took also some minor allusions in A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Titania (Titan-born) is an epithet applied by Ovid in Metamorphoses III, 173, to Diana, with whom the Elizabethans sometimes identified the queen of the fairies; if Shakespeare took the name from this passage in Ovid, he took it from the original, and not from Arthur Golding's translation of the Metamorphoses, to which he may have been indebted for the popular story of Pyramus and Thisbe. In all these cases, the debt is slight, for there is no play in which Shakespeare worked with greater originality, or made his material more completely his own. Bottom and his companions must have been drawn from life, and though Shakespeare no doubt heard and read a great deal of fairy lore, he created more than he borrowed. The English-speaking world of to-day has taken its conception of the fairy kingdom from Shakespeare to an even greater extent than our forefathers took their demonology from Milton. How much Shakespeare owed to his grandam for many "a woman's story at a winter's fire " about fairy pranks can never be determined. and it may be that the main sources of A MidsummerNight's Dream were gathered from his playfellows in the woods and fields about Stratford; but the fairies exist for us as his imagination made them.

Fairy Lore before Shakespeare. — Fairy literature is a province by itself, and those who are curious about such matters in relation to this play will find them excellently set forth by Mr. Frank Sidgwick in The Sources and Analogues of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." Fairies play a large part in Celtic literature, and modern anthropologists are inclined to find a natural explanation for their origin in an imaginative view of the doings of the smaller race which inhabited the British Isles before the Celts subjugated them or drove them to the wilds. But we may be content to go no further back than Chaucer, whose Wife of Bath, not without a touch of irony, speaks of the fairies as driven out by the friars, of whom, of course, women need have no fear:

In th' olde dayes of the king Arthour,
Of which that Britons speken greet honour,
Al was this land fulfild of fayerye.
The elf-queen, with hir joly companye,
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede;
This was the olde opinion, as I rede.
I speke of manye hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see none elves mo.

The English country people were, however, not all as sceptical as the Wife of Bath, and the belief in fairies lasted till long after Shakespeare's time in the more remote parts of the kingdom. Spenser turned it to literary uses in *The Faerye Queene*, the first three books of which were pub-

lished in 1500, and there are abundant references to fairies in other poets and prose writers contemporary with Shakespeare. The best storehouse of information as to popular superstitions about fairies is Reginald Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, published 1584, which gives, among much other curious lore, a charm to invest people with horses' or asses' heads. Scot was himself sceptical enough as to the superstitions he was trying to do away with, and he is careful to ascribe to a bygone age the belief in the pranks of Robin Goodfellow, of which he gives a description agreeing in the main with the Fairv's account of Puck's doings in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, II. i. 32-41. "Robin Goodfellow . . . would supply the office of servants - specially of maids: as to make a fire in the morning, sweep the house, grind mustard and malt, draw water, etc." But, again, Shakespeare's conception of the character of Puck is not Reginald Scot's: it is his own. though obviously founded upon the folk lore of his time.

Relations to Contemporary Drama.— Shakespeare was not the first to bring fairies on the English stage. There are earlier references to a play called The King of the Fairies, and Henslowe mentions one in his diary as acted in December-January, 1593-1594, the title of which was Huon of Bordeaux—a hero of romance identical with Oberon. "Oberon, King of Fayries," is one of the characters in Greene's Scottish History of James IV, entered in the Stationers' Registers on May 14, 1594, and probably written two or three years before the author's death in 1592. Oberon is a subordinate character, extraneous to the action of Greene's play, which he introduces and en-

livens with fairy dances. There are fairy dances and songs in Lyly's Endymion, which was printed in 1591, and Lyly in the prologue to The Woman in the Moon says, "Remember all is but a poet's dream"— a hint which Shake-speare seems to have used in the title of this play and in Puck's epilogue. Lyly's habit of identifying his characters with contemporaneous persons is adopted by Shakespeare to the extent of an obvious reference to Queen Elizabeth in II. i. 155–168 as the "fair vestal throned by the west," against whom Cupid's shafts are powerless:

— The imperial votaress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

But whether there is an allusion here to a particular assault made upon Elizabeth's heart by the Earl of Leicester at the famous Kenilworth festivities of 1575 is open to question. Kenilworth is not far from Stratford, and Shakespeare may have been present; but even if this were so, he evidently refreshed his memory of what he had seen as a boy of eleven by reading Gascoigne's pamphlet. The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle (published in 1576 and again in 1587), to which the passage in A Midsummer-Night's Dream bears some striking resemblances in points of detail, as I have endeavored to show in The Modern Language Review, IV, 231. The writer may be permitted to refer the reader to another paper of his on "The Masque in Shakspere's Plays" in Archiv fur das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen, CXXV, 71, in which reasons are given for not accepting the current view that A Midsummer-Night's Dream approximates to the type of the Elizabethan masque. For the Elizabethan masque as Shakespeare knew it, and introduced it in his plays, Romeo and Juliet (L. iv. 3), and the note thereon in the Tudor edition of that play, may be consulted with advantage.

Style. — There are more thymes than blank verse in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, and its lyrical excellence is a perpetual joy to any one who has an ear for "concord of sweet sounds." Even the blank verse has an unlifting and enthralling music as if Shakespeare were giving full rein to his youthful mastery of a full-toned instrument-We have not indeed the orchestral effects of his later manner, for the range of the chords he uses is comparatively limited; but in its ewn kind of poetry the play was and is still unsurpassed. Meredith described one of the most delightful chapters of Richard Feverel as "A diversion played upon a Penny Whistle," and with some extension of, and apology for, the metaphor, it might be applied without derogation to this play. "Love's musical instrument is as old, and as poor: it has but two stops; and yet, you see, the cunning musician does thus much with it!" Shakespeare takes his young lovers even less seriously than Meredith does his in this famous chapter, and yet he has touched the pipes with such power that A Midsummer-Night's Dream might stand, in Edgar Allan Poe's opinion, for a definition of poetry.

Stage History. — No other comedy (if we except references to Falstaff) had anything like so many allusions made to it up to 1649; its lines are imitated or echoed by Dekker, Ford, Chapman, Marston, Fletcher, and Massinger; it was evidently, from the beginning, a very popular play. In 1602 a burlesque called Narcissus, obviously

imitated from the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe. was acted at St. John's College, Oxford; and in 1631 the Bishop of Lincoln was accused of having A Midsummer-Night's Dream acted at his house on Sunday evening for his private delectation, to the great scandal of his Puritan enemies. Under the Commonwealth the jests of Bottom the Weaver were presented by stealth, "under pretence of rope-dancing, or the like," and immediately after the Restoration, an enterprising publisher, "considering the general mirth that is likely very suddenly to happen about the King's Coronation." hastened to offer the public "The Merry conceited Humors of Bottom the Weaver, as It hath been often publikely Acted by some of his Majesties Comedians, and lately, privately, presented, by several Apprentices for their harmless recreation, with Great Applause." The play had also by this time obtained a hold in Germany, probably through the visits of the English actors, for in 1663 there was printed a Schimpfspiel or Pasquinade by Andreas Gryphius, entitled Absurda Comica, or Herr Peter Squentz, which is largely taken from the low comedy part of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, though Bottom loses his leadership to Pickleherring, and his name to "Bulla Butain," bellows-maker. The English public of the Restoration theaters apparently lost its sense of humor along with its taste for poetry, for Evelyn wrote in his Diary in 1661 (having seen Hamlet acted) "now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad," and Pepys enters under the date September 29, 1662: "To the King's Theatre, where we saw A Midsummer-Night's Dream, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever

again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." In 1602 the comedy furnished the libretto for an opera, with instrumental and vocal parts by Purcell, and dances by Priest, in which a Chinese, a Chinese woman, and six monkeys appeared: "the Court and town were wonderfully satisfied with it." These farcical and operatic features vied for prominence during the eighteenth-century performances: in one Bottom and his companions were omitted, in another "Theseus and all the serious characters." An operatic revival in 1816 stated that the play had not been acted for fifty years. and the English critics of the first half of the nineteenth century, from Hazlitt to Knight, agreed that A Midsummer-Night's Dream was unmanageable for the stage. German theatrical managers were of the same opinion, and it was due to the enthusiasm of Ludwig Tieck, backed by the munificence of Frederick William IV, that the play at last received a fitting presentation at the Berlin Royal Theater in 1827, with the music that Mendelssohn had composed the year before. Mendelssohn's music was again used at a notable revival in London under Charles Kean in 1856, when "Puck was acted by a child, a blond, roguish girl, about ten years old," who afterwards became a favorite Shakespearean actress under the name of Ellen Terry. During the last half century revivals have been numerous, and modern resources in the way of lighting and scenery have made performances possible which would have struck Shakespeare's fellows at the Globe dumb with admiration. Bottom is still a notable part for a comic actor, and there is every sign that A Midsummer-Night's Dream will continue to hold its own both as an acting and as a reading play.

Interpretation. — The comedy fortunately affords no opportunity to the ingenious critics for fantastic theories. Commentators have rarely withheld their meed of admiration, and though some have drawn attention to the incongruity of the material, it is the highest tribute to Shakespeare's skill that the ordinary reader, who looks only for enjoyment, does not notice it. It needed no slight art indeed to bring into the same canvas the heroes of Greek mythology in their medieval dress, the rude mechanicals, who were really Shakespeare's contemporaries, and the fairies, who belong to no time or place; only Shakespeare would have attempted such a task, and only Shakespeare could have done it successfully. we are conscious of no trace of effort - only of a full tide of poetry and fun that carries everything before it. The plot is of the slightest and the youthful lovers are only sketched in; but who gives a thought to such considerations in reading or seeing the play? Theseus and Hippolyta are drawn with deeper and more powerful strokes, and Bottom and his companions are as much Shakespeare's own in their exquisite stupidity as the fairies are in their irresponsible daintiness. Those who look for the tragedy of "bright things come to confusion" will find it in Romeo and Juliet, which Shakespeare wrote about the same time; here he shows only the waywardness and folly of young love. However deeply he may sympathize with it in his heart, in this play (in so far as he ever identified himself with any of his characters) his point of view is rather that of Puck:

(Lord, what fools these mortals be!

A Midsummer-Night's Dream

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
EGEUS, father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, betrothed to Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a carpenter,
BOTTOM, a weaver,
FLUTE, a bellows-mender,
SNOUT, a tinker,
SNUG, a joiner,
STARVELING, a tailor,

PROLOGUE.
PTRAMUS.
THISDE.
WALL.
LION.
MOONSHINE

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amasons, betrothed to Theseus. HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, betrothed to Lysander. HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.
ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a Puck.
PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEE,
MOTH,
MUSTARDSEED,

I fairies.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: Athens, and a wood near it.]

(I local habitation and a name"

A Midsummer-Pight's Dream



ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[Athens. The palace of Theseus.]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, [Philostrate,] with others.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver how
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;

A Midsummer : Right's Dream

Turn melancholy forth to funerals: The pale companion is not for our pomp. 15 [Exit Philostrate.]

Hippolyta. I woo'd thee with my sword. And won thy love, doing thee injuries: But I will wed thee in another key. With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Eneus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Eas. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke! 90 The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia. Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord. This man hath my consent to marry her. 25 Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious Duke, This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child. Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes. And interchang'd love-tokens with my child. Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung 20 With faining voice verses of faining love, And stolen the impression of her fantasy With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits, Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, - messengers Of strong prevailment in unhard'ned youth.

35

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart.
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness; and, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case. 45
The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god,
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power 50
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier. 55
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;

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But I beseech your Grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case. If I refuse to wed Demetrius. The. Either to die the death or to abiure 65 For ever the society of men. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires. Know of your youth, examine well your blood, Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice, You can endure the livery of a nun. 70 For ave to be in shady cloister mew'd. To live a barren sister all your life. Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood To undergo such maiden pilgrimage; 75 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd Than that which withering on the yirgin thorn Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon -

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me, For everlasting bond of fellowship — Upon that day either prepare to die For disobedience to your father's will. Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would.

85

Or on Diana's altar to protest For ave austerity and single life. ΩΩ Dem. Relent. sweet Hermia: and Lysander. vield Thy crazed title to my certain right. Lus. You have her father's love. Demetrius. Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him. Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love. 95 And what is mine my love shall render him. And she is mine, and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius. Lus. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he, As well possess'd: my love is more than his: My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd. If not with vantage, as Demetrius': And, which is more than all these boasts can be. I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia. Why should not I then prosecute my right? 105 Demetrius. I'll avouch it to his head. Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena. And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes. Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry. Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110 The. I must confess that I have heard so much, And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof: But, being over-full of self-affairs, My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come; And come, Egeus; you shall go with me, 115

I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up -
Which by no means we may extenuate — 120
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along.
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you 125
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.
Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well 130
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years, —
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends, —
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. 140
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

Making it momentany as a sound. Swift as a shadow, short as any dream, Brief as the lightning in the collied night, 145 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth, And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!" The jaws of darkness do devour it up: So quick bright things come to confusion. Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd. 150 It stands as an edict in destiny. Then let us teach our trial patience. Because it is a customary cross, As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs, Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers. 155 Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia. I have a widow aunt, a dowager Of great revenue, and she hath no child. From Athens is her house remote seven leagues; And she respects me as her only son. 160 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee; And to that place the sharp Athenian law Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then. Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night: And in the wood, a league without the town, Where I did meet thee once with Helena To do observance to a morn of May. There will I stay for thee.

Her.

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,

My good Lysander!

By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lus. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away? 180
Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair, O happy fair!
Your eves are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet

Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air

More tunesble then lark to sheeberd's cor

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.
185

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so, Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go; My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, 190 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look, and with what art	
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.	
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.	
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles s	uch
skill!	195
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.	
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move	!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.	
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.	
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.	200
Hel. None, but your beauty. Would that fault w	rere
mine!	
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;	
Lysander and myself will fly this place.	
Before the time I did Lysander see,	
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me;	205
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,	
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!	
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.	
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold	
Her silver visage in the watery glass,	210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,	-
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,	
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to stea	J.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I	
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,	215
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,	
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;	

12

And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow! Pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! 221
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight
From levers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lus. I will, my Hermia.

Exit Herm.

Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

225 Exit.

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so: He will not know what all but he do know: And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 280 So I, admiring of his qualities, Things base and vile, holding no quantity, Love can transpose to form and dignity. Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind. And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. 235 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste; Wings and no eves figure unheedy haste:. And therefore is Love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd. As waggish boys in game themselves forswear. 240 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where: For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's evne. He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine:

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt. 245 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight; Then to the wood will he to-morrow night Pursue her; and for this intelligence If I have thanks, it is a dear expense. But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250 To have his sight thither and back again.

Exit.

SCENE II

[Athens. Quince's house.]

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

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A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call	15
forth your actors by the scroll. Masters,	10
spread yourselves.	

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant? Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant 25 for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates."

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the	
players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;	
a lover is more condoling.	
Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.	
Flu. Here, Peter Quince.	45
Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.	
Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?	
Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.	
Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I	
have a beard coming.	50
Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask,	
and you may speak as small as you will.	
Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby	
too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice,	
"Thisne! Thisne! "Ah Pyramus, my lover	55
dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"	
Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and,	
Flute, you Thisby.	
Bot. Well, proceed.	
Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.	60
Star. Here, Peter Quince.	
Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's	
mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.	
Snout. Here, Peter Quince.	
Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's	65
father. Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part;	
and, I hope, here is a play fitted.	
Saug Have you the lion's part written ? Proveyou	

if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing 70 but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore 90 you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your strawcolour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your

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85

purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefac'd. 100 But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse, for if we 105 meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse 110 most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt.



ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[A Wood near Athens.]

Enter a Fairy at one door and Robin Goodfellow at another.

Robin. How now, spirit! whither wander you? Fai. Over hill, over dale.

Thorough bush, thorough brier. Over park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wander every where. Swifter than the moon's sphere: And I serve the fairy Queen. To dew her orbs upon the green. The cowslips tall her pensioners be; 10 In their gold coats spots you see; Those be rubies, fairy favours, In those freckles live their savours. I must go seek some dewdrops here And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 15 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone. Our Queen and all her elves come here anon. Robin. The King doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy;

And now they never meet in grove or green, By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen, But they do square, that all their elves for fear Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm, Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm? Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, 40 You do their work, and they shall have good luck. Are not you he?

Robin.

in. Thou speakest aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon and make him smile

A Midsummer: Night's Dream Act II

20

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
laugh,

55

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter the King of Fairies [Oberon] at one door with his train; and the Queen [Titania] at another with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn and versing love To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here. Come from the farthest steep of India? But that, for sooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love. To Theseus must be wedded, and you come To give their bed joy and prosperity. Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania. Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, 75 X Knowing I know thy love to Theseus? Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night From Perigenia, whom he ravished? And make him with fair Ægle break his faith. With Ariadne, and Antiopa? 80 Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy; And never, since the middle summer's spring. Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead, By paved fountain or by rushy brook, Or in the beached margent of the sea. 85 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain. As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea Contagious fogs: which, falling in the land, 90 Have every petty river made so proud That they have overborne their continents. The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain.

22 A Midsummer: Night's Dream Act II

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard. 95 The fold stands empty in the drowned field. And crows are fatted with the murrain flock. The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud, And the quaint mazes in the wanton green For lack of tread are undistinguishable. 100 The human mortals want their winter cheer: No night is now with hymn or carol blest: Therefore the moon, the governess of floods. Pale in her anger, washes all the air, That rheumatic diseases do abound. 105 And thorough this distemperature we see The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose, And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds 110 Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer, The childing autumn, angry winter, change Their wonted liveries: and the mazed world. By their increase, now knows not which is which. And this same progeny of evils comes 115 From our debate, from our dissension: We are their parents and original. Obe. Do you amend it then: it lies in you. Why should Titania cross her Oberon? I do but beg a little changeling boy 120 To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest: The fairy land buys not the child of me. His mother was a votaress of my order. And, in the spiced Indian air, by night, Full often hath she gossip'd by my side, 125 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands. Marking the embarked traders on the flood. When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind: Which she with pretty and with swimming gait Following, her womb then rich with my young sauire. 181 Would imitate, and sail upon the land To fetch me trifles, and return again, As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; 135 And for her sake do I rear up her boy. And for her sake I will not part with him. Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay? Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day. If you will patiently dance in our round 140 And see our moonlight revels, go with us: If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts. Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee. Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away! We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. Exit [Titania with her train]. Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove

A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act II

Till I torment thee for this injury. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb'rest Since once I sat upon a promontory, And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 150 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath That the rude sea grew civil at her song. And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, To hear the sea-maid's music?

Robin. I remember.

", te

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not, Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all arm'd. A certain aim he took At a fair vestal throned by the west, And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon, And the imperial votaress passed on In maiden meditation, fancy-free. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell. 165

It fell upon a little western flower. Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, And maidens call it love-in-idleness. Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee once.

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170 Will make or man or woman madly dote Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again Ere the leviathan can swim a league. Robin. I'll put a girdle round about the earth 175 In forty minutes. [Exit.] Obe. Having once this juice. I'll watch Titania when she is asleep. And drop the liquor of it in her eyes. The next thing then she waking looks upon. Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape, She shall pursue it with the soul of love: And ere I take this charm from off her sight. As I can take it with another herb. I'll make her render up her page to me. 185 But who comes here? I am invisible: And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.

190

Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;

And here am I, and wood within this wood,

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

195

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

6 A Pidsummer-Pight's Dream Act II

Is true as steel. Leave you your power to dra	w.
And I shall have no power to follow you.	•
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?	
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth	200
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?	
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.	
I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,	
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.	
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike i	ne.
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,	206
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.	200
What worser place can I beg in your love,—	
And yet a place of high respect with me, —	
Than to be used as you use your dog?	210
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit	
For I am sick when I do look on thee.	"
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.	
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,	
To leave the city and commit yourself	215
Into the hands of one that loves you not;	~10
To trust the opportunity of night	
And the ill counsel of a desert place	
With the rich worth of your virginity.	
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For that	220
	ZZU
It is not night when I do see your face,	
Therefore I think I am not in the night;	
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,	
For you in my respect are all the world.	

Then how can it be said I am alone. 995 When all the worth is here to look on me? Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes. And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts. Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase: 291 The dove pursues the griffin: the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed. When cowardice pursues and valour flies. Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go: 295 Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood. Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief. Fie. Demetrius! Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex. 240 We cannot fight for love, as men may do. We should be woo'd and were not made to woo. [Exit Dem.]

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well.

Exit.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this
grove,

245

Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter [Robin Goodfellow].

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer. Robin. Ay, there it is.

28

Obe. I pray thee, give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows. Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows. 250 Quite over-canopi'd with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine. There sleeps Titania sometime of the night. Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight; And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, 255 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in: And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, And make her full of hateful fantasies. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove. A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260 With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes, But do it when the next thing he espies May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove 265 More fond on her than she upon her love: And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow. Robin. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[Another part of the wood.] Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,

Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings

To make my small elves coats, and some keep

back

5

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep; \tag{Then to your offices and let me rest.}

The Fairies sing.

- [1. Fairy.] "You spotted snakes with double tongue,

 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; 10

 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,

 Come not near our fairy queen."
- [Cho.] "Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.

 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh.
 So, good night, with lullaby."
- 1. Fairy. "Weaving spiders, come not here; 20
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence."

[Cho.] "Philomel, with melody," etc.

2. Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well. 25
One aloof stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies.] Titania sleeps.

Enter Oberon [and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids].

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Exit.]

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,

Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lus. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence! 45 Love takes the meaning in love's conference. I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit So that but one heart we can make of it: Two bosoms interchained with an oath: So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50 Then by your side no bed-room me deny: For lying so. Hermia, I do not lie. Her. Lysander riddles very prettily. Now much beshrew my manners and my pride, If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied. 55 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy Lie further off: in human modesty. Such separation as may well be said Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid. So far be distant: and, good night, sweet friend. Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end! 61 Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I; And then end life when I end lovalty! Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest! Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

Enter [Robin Goodfellow].

Robin. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

They sleep.

66

32 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act II

Night and silence — Who is here? 70 Weeds of Athens he doth wear! This is he, my master said. Despised the Athenian maid: And here the maiden, sleeping sound, On the dank and dirty ground. 75 Pretty soul! she durst not lie Near this lack-love kill-courtesy. Churl, upon thy eyes I throw All the power this charm doth owe. When thou wak'st, let love forbid 80 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid: So awake when I am gone. For I must now to Oberon. Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

Exit.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
95
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! 100
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Awaking.] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart. >
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word 106
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,

24
44

Reason becomes the marshal to my will 100 And leads me to your eves, where I o'erlook Love's stories written in love's richest book. Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born? When at your hands did I deserve this scorn? Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man, 125 That I did never, no, nor never can, Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eve. But you must flout my insufficiency? Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth you do. In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130 But fare you well: perforce I must confess I thought you lord of more true gentleness. O, that a ladv, of one man refus'd. Should of another therefore be abus'd! Exit. Lus. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there; And never mayst thou come Lysander near! 136 For as a surfeit of the sweetest things The deepest loathing to the stomach brings, Or as the heresies that men do leave Are hated most of those they did deceive, 140 So thou, my surfeit and my heresy, Of all be hated, but the most of me! And, all my powers, address your love and might To honour Helen and to be her knight. Exit. Her. [Awaking.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best 145 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear; Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear. No? then I well perceive you are not nigh. 155 Either death or you I'll find immediately.

Exit



ACT THIRD

SCENE 1

[The wood. Titania lying asleep.]

Enter the Clowns [Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling].

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, 15 when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit! I have a device to make all well.

Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords

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95

and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion? Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in — God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he 35 is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through saying thus, or to the same defect, "Ladies," or "Fair ladies, I would wish you," or "I would request you," or "I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

30	**	ap to:	pummi.	tr=3 2120;		ıtanı	ACL
Quin	. W	ell, i	t shall	be so.	But t	here is	two
	hard	thing	gs; that	t is, to I	oring th	e moor	light
:	into	a cha	mber;	for, you	know, l	Pyramu	s and
	This	by m	eet by r	noonligh	t.		
		Ooth toplay?		on shine	that ni	ght we	play
			-	lendar! oonsbine			

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your

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parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake. And so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin Goodfellow [behind].

Robin. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.
Bot. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet," —
Quin. Odorous, odorous.

Bot. —— "odours savours sweet;

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear." Exi

Robin. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. 90
[Exit.]

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue, 95"
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant
brier,

Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew.

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Satis

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire, I'll meet thee. Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

- Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not 100 speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter. Your cue is past; it is, "never tire."
- Flu. O, "As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."
- [Re-enter Robin Goodfellow, and Bottom, with an ass's head.]
- Bot. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."
 Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
 Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!
 Execunt [Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling].
- Robin. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
 Through bog, through bush, through brake,
 through brier.

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery 115 of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Exit Snout.] 120

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I 125 will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.]

"The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill." —

Tita. [Awaking.] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [Sings.]

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark, 18

And dares not answer nay;" ---

42 A Pidsummer-Aight's Dream Act III

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtues, force perforce, doth move me

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little 145
reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowa-days; the more the pity that some honest
neighbours will not make them friends. Nay,
I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth.

And I.

Mus.

And T.

All.

Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, 171

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies 175 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

180

Mus. Hail!

44 A Didsummer: Bight's Dream Act III

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily. I beseech vour worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good 185 Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash, 190 your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name. I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

195

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like oxbeef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you 200 more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed. Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eve. And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity. 205 Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[Another part of the wood.]

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit! What night-rule now about this haunted grove? Robin. My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and consecrated bower. While she was in her dull and sleeping hour. A crew of patches, rude mechanicals. That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10 Were met together to rehearse a play Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day. The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort. Who Pyramus presented in their sport, Forsook his scene and ent'red in a brake. 15 When I did him at this advantage take, An ass's note I fixed on his head. Anon his Thisby must be answered, And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,

85

6 A Pidsummer-Pight's Wream

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls. 26
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear, And left sweet Pyramus translated there; When in that moment, so it came to pass, Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Robin. I took him sleeping, — that is finish'd too, — And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

1 Robin. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse, 45
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day

As he to me: would he have stolen away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon

This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon

May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

1 cannot be but thou hast murd'red him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look, and so should I, Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty; Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

Henceforth be never numb'red among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave
touch!

70

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it: for with doubler tongue

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood.

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood; 75
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I so: See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

80

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe; 85
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lies down [and sleeps].

Obs. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken

quite

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

Robin. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find.

All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here.

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Robin. I go, I go; look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

50 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act III

Obe. Stand aside. The noise they make Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Robin. Then will two at once woo one;

That must needs be sport alone.

And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

120

Enter Lusander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

125

How can these things in me seem scorn to you, Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales, Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you. 13

Dem. [Awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow! 140 That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow, Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss! Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent. 145 To set against me for your merriment. If you were civil and knew courtesy, You would not do me thus much injury. Can you not hate me, as I know you do. But you must join in souls to mock me too? 150 If you were men, as men you are in show. You would not use a gentle lady so: To yow, and swear, and superpraise my parts. When I am sure you hate me with your hearts. You both are rivals, and love Hermia; 155 And now both rivals, to mock Helena, A trim exploit, a manly enterprise, To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes With your derision! None of noble sort Would so offend a virgin and extort 160 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport. Lus. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so; For you love Hermia; this you know I know. And here, with all good will, with all my heart, In Hermia's love I yield you up my part: 165 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love and will do till my death.

52 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act III

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen is it home return'd,

There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. 175

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lus. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide, Fair Helena, who more engilds the night Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think. It cannot be. 191

Hel. Lo. she is one of this confederacy! Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three To fashion this false sport, in spite of me. Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! 195 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd To bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd. The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent. When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200 For parting us. — O, is all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods. Have with our needles created both one flower. Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, 205 Both warbling of one song, both in one key. As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds, Had been incorporate. So we grew together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet an union in partition: 210 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, Due but to one and crowned with one crest. And will you rend our ancient love asunder, To join with men in scorning your poor friend? It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly. Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury.

54 A Midsummer: Pight's Dream Act III

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.	09
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.	
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,	
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?	
And made your other love, Demetrius,	
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,	
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare, 22	8
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this	
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysande	er
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,	
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 23	30
But by your setting on, by your consent?	
What though I be not so in grace as you,	
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,	
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?	
This you should pity rather than despise. 23	15
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.	
Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,	
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,	
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up;	
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 24	Ю
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,	
You would not make me such an argument.	
But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault,	
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.	
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse, 24	15
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!	
Hel. O excellent!	

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do!

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too. 255 Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no; he'll [but]

Seem to break loose. Take on as you would follow.

But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose, 260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this?

Sweet love, -

Lys. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee. 266

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive

2000 2 0000 2 000 Jour 2000, 100 2 Postorio
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my
love!
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left
me: 275
Why, then you left me - O, the gods forbid! -
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest 280
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 285
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290

Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height; And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him. And are you grown so high in his esteem, Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

295

How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak, How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her.

Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

He followed you; for love I followed him;

But he hath chid me hence and threat'ned me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back

And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you? Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her.	What, with Lysander?
Hel.	With Demetrius. 320
Lys.	Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem.	No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

325

Her. Little again! Nothing but low and little! Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf, You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made; You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not. 335

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you. Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a bray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. Exit.
Obe. This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st, 345
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Robin. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night. 355
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, 360
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep. 365
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property.

60 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act III

To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy; 375
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Robin. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
880
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,

Troop home to churchyards. Damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.

I with the morning's love have oft made sport, And, like a forester, the groves may tread, Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red, Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams. But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay. We may effect this business yet ere day.

395 [Exit.]

Robin. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.

400

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

Robin. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Robin. Follow me, then,

To plainer ground.

Here comes one.

[Exit Lysander, as following the voice.]

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speak again!
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? 405
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Robin. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child.

62 A Midsummer: Right's Dream Act III

I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Robin. Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood here.

Execut.

[Re-enter Lysander.]

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on.

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I;

I followed fast, but faster he did fly,

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

Lies down.

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.

[Sleeps.]

Re-enter Robin Goodfellow and Demetrius.

Robin. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

Robin. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
this dear,

426

If ever I thy face by daylight see.

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's
eye,
435
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Lies down and] sleeps.

Robin. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,

440

Re-enter Hermia.

Thus to make poor females mad.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.

446
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[Lies down and sleeps.]

64 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act III

Robin. On the ground

Sleep sound.

I'll apply

450

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.]

When thou wak'st.

Thou tak'st

True delight

485

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown.

460

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [Exit.]



ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[The same.]

[Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep.]

Enter Titania and Clown [Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed,] and [other] Fairies [attending]; Oberon behind [unseen].

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

5

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag.

Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to

have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.
Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustard- 20 seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous
hairy about the face; and I am such a tender
ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music.Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Music. Tongs. Rural music.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, 35 hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be always away.

[Exeunt fairies.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep.]

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Obe. [Advancing.] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity: 50 For, meeting her of late behind the wood. Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool. I did upbraid her and fall out with her. For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; 55 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls. Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had at my pleasure taunted her ന And she in mild terms begg'd my patience. I then did ask of her her changeling child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To bear him to my bower in fairy land. And, now I have the boy, I will undo 65

A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act IV 68

This hateful imperfection of her eyes: And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain. That, he awaking when the other do. May all to Athens back again repair, 70 And think no more of this night's accidents But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the fairy queen.

[Touching her eyes.]

Be as thou wast wont to be: See as thou wast wont to see: Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower Hath such force and blessed power. Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen! Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

80

75

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eves do loathe his visage now! Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call: and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense. 85

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

Music. still.

Robin. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me.

105

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be. 90
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Robin. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obs. Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade.

Trip we after the night's shade.

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come. my lord, and in our flight

Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt. Horns winded [within].

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and all his train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd,
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.

[Exit an attendant.]

70 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act IV

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top And mark the musical confusion Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

115

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind, So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew; 125 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls:

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

130
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

135

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day That Hermia should give answer of her choice? Eae. It is, my lord. 141 The. . Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns. Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her. wake and start up. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past; Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? Lus. Pardon, my lord. The. I pray you all, stand up. I know you two are rival enemies; How comes this gentle concord in the world. . That hatred is so far from jealousy. To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly, 150 Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear. I cannot truly say how I came here. But, as I think, - for truly would I speak, And now I do bethink me, so it is, -I came with Hermia hither. Our intent 155 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might, Without the peril of the Athenian law -Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough. I beg the law, the law, upon his head. They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius. 160 Thereby to have defeated you and me,

72 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act IV

You of your wife, and me of my consent, Of my consent that she should be your wife. Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth. Of this their purpose hither to this wood: 165 And I in fury hither followed them. Fair Helena in fancy following me. But, my good lord, I wot not by what power, -But by some power it is, - my love to Hermia. Melted as [is] the snow, seems to me now 170 As the remembrance of an idle gaud Which in my childhood I did dote upon: And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The object and the pleasure of mine eye, Is only Helena. To her, my lord, 175 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia: But like a sickness did I loathe this food; But, as in health, come to my natural taste. Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, And will for evermore be true to it. 180 The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met: Of this discourse we more will hear anon. Egeus, I will overbear your will: For in the temple, by and by, with us These couples shall eternally be knit. 185 And, for the morning now is something worn, Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. Away with us to Athens; three and three.

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. Come. Hippolyta.

190

Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable, Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye, When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, 195
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dom. Are you sure that we're awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta. 200

. Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him; And by the way let us recount our dreams.

Exeunt lovers.

Bot. (Awaking.) When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, "Most 205 fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say 210 what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he

74 A Midsummer: Pight's Dream Act IV

go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, — and methought I had, — but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of 215 man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called 220 Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. Exit.

SCENE II

[Athens. Quince's house.]

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

10

Snout. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

11

Flu. You must say "paragon"; a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not 20 have 'scaped sixpence a day. An the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these 25 hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

76 A Midsummer-Right's Dream Act IV

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your appared together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is

a sweet comedy. No more words: away!

go, away!



Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[Athens. The palace of Theseus.]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords [and Attendants].

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true; I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact.

Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

That is, the madman. The lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

11

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:

And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen 15

Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

20

35

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love

Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours Between our after-supper and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight? Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe. Make choice of which your Highness will see first. [Giving a paper.] The. [Reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung By an Athenian eunuch to the harp." 45 We'll none of that: that have I told my love. In glory of my kinsman Hercules. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage." That is an old device: and it was play'd 50 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary." That is some satire, keen and critical. Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony. 55 "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth." Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief! That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow. How shall we find the concord of this discord? 60 Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long, Which is as brief as I have known a play: But by ten words, my lord, it is too long, Which makes it tedious; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial. 75

The. And we will hear it.

Phil.

No, my noble lord;

It is not for you. I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged, 85
And duty in his service perishing.

-The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

-The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect Takes it in might, not merit. Where I have come, great clerks have purposed To greet me with premeditated welcomes: Where I have seen them shiver and look pale. 95 Make periods in the midst of sentences. Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears. And in conclusion dumbly have broke off. Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet, Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome: 100 And in the modesty of fearful duty I read as much as from the rattling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence. Love, therefore, and tongue-ti'd simplicity In least speak most, to my capacity. 105

[Re-enter Philostrate.]

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. Flourish of trumpets.

Enter [Quince for] the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

111
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,

- Our true intent is. All for your delight

 We are not here. That you should here repent you,

 115
- The actors are at hand, and by their show You shall know all that you are like to know.
- The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
 - Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: 120 it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
 - Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.
- -The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?
 - Enter with a trumpet before them, Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.
 - Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
 But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
 This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 130

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

- This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:
- And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

 To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn, Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know, By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, 140 The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, Did scare away, or rather did affright; And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall, Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, 145 And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain; Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.

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This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so; And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak 166

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

better?

Enter Pyramus.

- The. Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence! 170
Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne!

[Wall holds up his fingers.]

Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see. 180

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiv- 185 ing me" is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, 190 For parting my fair Pyramus and me! My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee. Pur. I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pur. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace; And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

200

195

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightwav? 204

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. [Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.] Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so; And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. Exit.

The. Now is the moon used between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so 210 wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.

Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a 220 lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor.

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con- 236 science.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lus. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True: and a goose for his discretion.

235

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It valous well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present; —

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his

head.

245

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest.

The man should be put into the lantern.

How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle;

for, you see, it is already in snut.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon. Would he would 255 change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,

that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

260

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; 265 for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. (Roaring.) Oh — Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

270

The. Well run, Thisbe.

270

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well mous'd, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

275

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite! But mark, poor knight, What dreadful dole is here! Eyes, do you see? How can it be? 285 O dainty duck! O dear! Thy mantle good, What, stain'd with blood! Approach, ye Furies fell! O Fates, come, come. 290 Cut thread and thrum: Quail, crush, conclude, and quell! The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend. would go near to make a man look sad. Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man. 295 Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame? Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear; Which is - no, no - which was the fairest dame That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer. Come, tears, confound: 300 Out, sword, and wound The pap of Pyramus; Ay, that left pap, Where heart doth hop. [Stabs himself.] Thus die I. thus, thus, thus, 305 Now am I dead. Now am I fled:

90

My soul is in the sky.

Tongue, lose thy light; Moon, take thy flight.

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Exit Moonshine.]

Dem. No die but an ace, for him; for he is but

one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Re-enter Thisbe.

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she 320 comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, 325 God warrant us; she for a woman, Godbless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

830

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Sc. I A Midsummer-Aight's Dre	ear	11
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QI

O Pyramus, arise! Speak, speak! Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb 885 Must cover thy sweet eyes. These lily lips, This cherry nose, These vellow cowslip cheeks. Are gone, are gone! 840 Lovers, make moan. His eyes were green as leeks. O Sisters Three. Come, come to me. With hands as pale as milk: 345 Lay them in gore. Since you have shore With shears his thread of silk. Tongue, not a word! Come, trusty sword: 350 Come, blade, my breast imbrue; [Stabs herself.] And, farewell, friends:

Thus, Thisby ends.
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.]

\The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the 355 dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

[Bot. Starting up.] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it

please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Ber- 360 gomask dance between two of our company The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse: for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played 365 Pyramus and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But, come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue [A dance.] alone. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. 870 Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fairy time. I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed. A fortnight hold we this solemnity 976 In nightly revels and new iollity. Exeunt.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf behowls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud.

380

Sc. I	A Midsummer-Aight's Dream	93
	Puts the wretch that lies in woe	
	In remembrance of a shroud.	385
	Now it is the time of night	
	That the graves, all gaping wide,	
	Every one lets forth his sprite,	
	In the church-way paths to glide.	
	And we fairies, that do run	390
	By the triple Hecate's team	
	From the presence of the sun,	
	Following darkness like a dream,	
	Now are frolic. Not a mouse	
	Shall disturb this hallowed house.	895
	I am sent with broom before,	
	To sweep the dust behind the door.	
	Enter Oberon and Titania with their train.	

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Song [and dance].

94 A Midsummer-pight's Dream Act V

Ohe. Now, until the break of day. Through this house each fairy stray. To the best bride-bed will we. 410 Which by us shall blessed be: And the issue there create Ever shall be fortunate. So shall all the couples three Ever true in loving be: 415 And the blots of nature's hand Shall not in their issue stand: Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar, Nor mark prodigious, such as are Despised in nativity. Shall upon their children be. With this field-dew consecrate. Every fairy take his gait. And each several chamber bless. Through this palace, with sweet peace: And the owner of it blest. Ever shall in safety rest. Trip away; make no stay; Meet me all by break of day. Exeunt [Oberon, Titania, and train]. Robin. If we shadows have offended.

Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumb'red here While these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme,

Sc. I A Midsummer-Right's Dream

No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

445
[Exit.]

95



Potes

The Dramatis Persona were added by the seventeenthcentury editors, Rowe and Theobald. The division into acts was first given in F₁; the scene divisions are modern.

- I. i. 5. dowager. A widow whose dower is a burden on the income of an estate.
- I. i. 7-11. The time indicated here is not consistent with the time of the action, which requires only three days; and the new moon (referred to again in l. 83) would hardly give the light the players count on in III. i; but Shakespeare was often careless about minor details.
- I. i. 31. faining...faining. Probably meaning "yearning, love-sick." Some editors change to "feigning."
 - I. i. 54. In this question, lacking your father's approval.
- I. i. 81. lordship. Sovereignty, control. his . . . whose. Of him, to whose.
- I. i. 113. over-full of self-affairs. Too much taken up with my own affairs.
- I. i. 158. revenue. Accented here on second syllable; in l. 6 on first.
- I. i. 167. The observance of May Day is, of course, an English, not an Athenian custom; but Chaucer had already committed this anachronism in *The Knightes Tale*.
 - I. i. 173. the Carthage queen. Dido in Vergil's Eneid.
- I. ii. 31. Ercles. Hercules, a ranting character on the early stage, apparently taken over from the *Hercules Furens* of Seneca.

I. ii. 37. Phibbus'. Phœbus'.

I. ii. 51-52. The women's parts were played by boys, who appear sometimes to have worn masks.

I. ii. 84. aggravate. For "moderate."

I. ii. 111. obscenely. Only Bottom knows what he really meant.

I. ii. 114. hold or cut bow-strings. A proverb.

II. i. 9. orbs. The fairy-rings now said to be due to fungi.

II. i. 54. "tailor" cries. No satisfactory explanation of this expression has been offered.

II. i. 66-68. Corin and Phillida (or Phillis) are conventional pastoral lovers.

II. i. 78-80. Perigouna, Ariadne, Ægles, and Antiopa are mentioned in Plutarch's *Life of Theseus*, as translated by North.

II. i. 98. nine men's morris. A game like "fox and geese," played usually on a table, but sometimes with holes in the ground.

II. i. 149-168. As to the supposed allegory here, see Introduction.

II. i. 192. wood. Mad; one of Shakespeare's worst puns.

II. ii. 154. of all loves. By all loves. Cf. Merry Wives, II. ii. 118.

III. i. 14. lakin. Ladykin, i.e. the Virgin Mary.

III. i. 25. in eight and six. The fourteen syllable line is usual in Early English drama before 1580.

III. i. 40. defect. For "effect."

III. i. 62. disfigure. For "prefigure."

III. i. 134. cuckoo. The English cuckoo sings a minor third, and was supposed in Elizabeth's time to reproach

married men for their wives' unfaithfulness. See the cuckoo song at the end of Love's Labour's Lost.

III. ii. 13. The shallowest blockhead of that empty-headed company.

III. ii. 119. alone. Of or in itself.

III. ii. 204. needles. One syllable, often spelled "neelds."

III. ii. 213. Two of the first. Two bodies.

III. ii. 237. persever. Accented on second syllable.

III. ii. 257-305. The epithets bandied about in this distracted lovers' wrangle make it clear that Hermia is short and dark and shrewish; while Helena is tall and fair and timid; Helena's pink and white complexion suggests the comparison with a painted maypole.

III. ii. 380. Aurora's harbinger. The morning star.

III. ii. 461-463. Current proverbs.

IV. i. 24-25. Cavalery Cobweb has just been sent off on a chase after a humble-bee, and it is Peaseblossom who is scratching; the mistake, however, may be Bottom's, and not Shakespeare's.

IV. i. 31. the tongs and the bones. Instruments still known to country boys, university students, and negro minstrels.

IV. i. 35. bottle. Diminutive of Fr. botte, a bundle.

IV. i. 41. exposition of. Possibly for "disposition to."

IV. i. 44. always. Perhaps we should read all ways, i.e. in all directions.

IV. i. 45. woodbine. Usually identified with the honeysuckle, but possibly here used for the bindweed or convolvulus.

IV. i. 76. Dian's bud. Probably the agnus castus or "chaste-tree." Cf. II. i. 184 and III. ii. 366-369.

IV. i. 108. observation. The "rite of May" mentioned by Theseus in l. 137 of this same scene. Evidently the time of the action is spring, and not summer, though the title indicates that the dream is dreamt on midsummer-night.

IV. i. 116-130. Cadmus and Hercules did not live at the same mythical era, and, according to Pliny, there were no bears in Crete; Shakespeare's allusion is probably due to a confused recollection of Ovid, Metamorphoses, III, where the hunting of Cadmus is described. Thessaly is mentioned as a place for bear-hunting, and the hounds of Crete are commended, along with those of Sparta. See No. 116 of the Spectator for the care taken by an English country gentleman to match the notes of his hounds.

IV. i. 143-144. The birds were supposed to choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day. Cf. Chaucer's Parlement of Foules.

IV. i. 157. Without the peril. Outside the jurisdiction.

IV. i. 191-203. The charm still rests upon the eyes of Demetrius.

IV. i. 215. patch'd fool. A jester in the professional motley.

IV. i. 224. at her death. Theobald asks "At whose?" and proposes the emendation after death, i.e. after the death of the character Bottom will represent in the play.

IV. ii. 20-21. sixpence a day. Queen Elizabeth, in an unusual burst of generosity, gave a young Cambridge actor who pleased her a pension of £20 a year — rather more than a shilling a day; but this was in 1564, and the reference must be rather general than special. Sixpence would represent about \$1.25 of our money to-day.

- V. i. 11. Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans generally, admired women with fair hair and complexion.
- V. i. 32. masques. The masque at this time was little more than a dance in costume. See *Introduction*, p. 3.
- V. i. 34. after-supper. Dessert, usually served in another room.
- V. i. 38. The Folios read *Egeus* for *Philostrate* throughout this scene, doubtless because both parts were played by the same actor.
- V. i. 44-60. The Folios give the lines describing the sports to Lysander in each case, the comment only being reserved to Theseus. The speech is printed here as it is given in the quartos.
- V. i. 44. Hercules had a fight with the Centaurs during the pursuit of the Erymanthian boar, in addition to the more famous conflict in which Theseus took a leading part on the side of the Lapithæ. The latter is described in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XII. North's Plutarch speaks of Hercules and Theseus as "near kinsmen, being cousins removed by the mother's side."
- V. i. 49. the Thracian singer. Orpheus. The story is told in Ovid, Metamorphoses, XII.
 - V. i. 52-53. See Introduction.
- V. i. 56-57. In I. ii. 11-13 the title of the play is said to be, The most lamsntable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby. An allusion has been discerned to Preston's "lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambyses" (see M. P. Tilley, Shakespeare and his Ridicule of Cambyses, Modern Language Notes, December, 1909, pp. 244-247); but in spite of some remarkable parallels, it seems likely that

Shakespeare was ridiculing the fantastic titles of our early dramas in general rather than any one in particular.

V. i. 105. to my capacity. As I understand the matter.

V. i. 108-117. This device of confused punctuation had been used for comic effect in *Ralph Roister Doister*, our first English comedy.

V. i. 127. Enter, etc. The Folios have the stage directions, Tawyer with a Trumpet before them, and Halliwell has shown that Tawyer was the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company; this is one of the indications that F₁ was printed from a playhouse copy.

V. i. 147-148. The excessive alliteration and other characteristics of the interlude have been found in Edwards' Damon and Pythias, acted at Whitehall in 1564, but here again the satire is probably general rather than particular. Edwards was a court dramatist much esteemed in his own time.

V. i. 198. Limander. For Leander.

V. i. 199. Helen. For Hero.

V. i. 200. Shafalus to Procrus. Cephalus to Procris.

V. i. 204, 268. Ninny's tomb. Quince had corrected this mistake at the rehearsal (III. i. 99-100); but to an Elizabethan audience, proud of its classical culture, it was a jest that would bear repetition. It should be noted, however, that Shakespeare does not repeat the lines already quoted at the rehearsal, but weaves a new tissue of absurdities.

V. i. 208. moon used. The Folios read, morall downe, and Pope's emendation, mural down, has been accepted by many editors.

V. i. 227. A lion fell. Barron Field proposed to reduce

this line to sense by reading A lion-fell, i.e. a lion's skin, and only in that sense a producer of lions; but the negative may apply to the first clause as well as the second; and in any case, if the clowns were made to talk rationally, the interlude would lose its effect.

V. i. 243. Lantern. Spelt Lanthorne in F₁. Perhaps a pun was intended in "horned."

V. i. 254. in snuff. In a passion. A favorite quibble. See 1 Henry IV, I. iii. 41, and Love's Labour's Lost, V. ii. 22.

V. i. 261-264. The man in the moon was supposed to be the one guilty of gathering sticks on the Sabbath in Numbers xv. 32-36.

V. i. 325-327. he for a man... God bless us. Omitted from the Folios, doubtless in obedience to the act of 1605 forbidding profanity.

V. i. 360. Bergomask. "A rustic dance as performed by the peasants of Bergomasco, a Venetian province, whose clownish manners were imitated by all the Italian buffoons." — Nares.

V. i. 391. triple Hecate. Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell were three forms of the same goddess. See *Introduction*.

V. i. 403, 407. Two songs appear to be lost here, one led by Oberon, the other by Titania.

V. i. 440. the serpent's tongue. The hissing by which an English audience still indicates its disapproval of a play.

Tertual Pariants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Quarto (Fisher's), and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

- I. i. 10. New-bent] Rowe; Now bent Qq.
 - 24. Stand forth, Demetrius] Rowe; as st. dir. in Qq Ff.
 - Stand forth, Lysander] Rowe; as st. dir. in Qq Ff.
 - 136. low] Theobald; loue Qq.
 - 139. friends] Qq; merit Ff.
 - 143. momentany] Qq; momentarie Ff.
 - 187. Yours would] Hanmer; Your words Qq Ff.
 - 200. no fault] Q1; none Q2 Ff.
 - 216. sweet] Theobald; sweld Qq Ff.
 - stranger companies] Theobald; strange companions Qq Ff.
- II. i. 69. steep] Q2 Ff; steppe Q1.
 - 101. cheerl Theobald conj.; here Q1.
 - 109. thin] Tyrwhitt; chinne Qq Ff.
 - 247. Re-enter . . .] enter Pucke (after 247) Qq Ff.
 - ii. 48. we can] Qq; can you Ff.
 - 49. interchained] Qq; interchanged Ff.
 - 77. kill-courtesy] Johnson; this kill curstesie Qq Ff.
- III. i. 85. Odorous, odorous] Collier conj.; Odours, odorous Qq; Odours, odours Ff.
 - 90. Robin] Quin. Qq; Puck. Ff.

- ii. 48. knee-deep] Coleridge(?); the deep Qq Ff.
 - 57. dread] Pope; dead Qq Ff.
 - 80. so] Pope; Qq Ff omit.
 - 213. first, like] Folks; first life Qq Ff.
 - 215. rend Rowe; rent Qq Ff.
 - 220. passionate] Ff; Qq omit.
 - 250. prayers] Theobald; praise Qq Ff.
 - 257. he'll [but] Nicholson; he'll Qq; Sir Ff.
 - 279. doubt Pope; of doubt Qq Ff.
- IV. i. 52. favours] Q1F4; savors Q2 F1-3.
 - 85. five] Thirlby, Theobald; fine Qq F₁₋₂.
 - 156. might] Q1; might be Q2 Ff.
 - 197. Are . . . awakel Qq; Ff omit.
 - 224. at herl Qq Ff; after Theobald.
- V. i. 38. Philostrate] Qq. In Ff Egeus takes the place of Philostrate in this scene.
 - 44, 45, 48, 49, 52, 53, 56, 57. In FI these lines are given to Lysander.
 - 127. Enter . . . them] Tawyer . . . them Ff; Qq
 - 193. up in thee] Ff; now againe Qq.
 - 208. moon used] Qq; morall downe Ff.
 - 279. gleams] Knight conj.; beames Qq F₁; streames F₂.
 - 325-327. he for . . . us] Qq; Ff omit.
 - 880. moans] Theobald; meanes Qq Ff.
 - 879. behowls] Warburton; beholds Qq Ff.

Glossary

abridgement, pastime: V. i. 39. aby, atone for, pay for; III. ii. 175, 335. Acheron, one of the four rivers of hell in classical mythology: III. ii. 357. adamant, loadstone; II. i. 195. adder, viper; III. ii. 71. address'd, prepared, ready; V. i. 106. admirable, wonderful; V. i. 27. against, in preparation for; V. i. 75. an, if; I. ii. 53. an if, if; II. ii. 153. anon, forthwith; III. ii. 356. Antipodes, dwellers in the opposite hemisphere; III. ii. 55. approve, prove; II. ii. 68. apricocks, apricots; III. i. 169. artificial, skilled in art; III. ii. 203. aunt, old woman; II. i. 51.

bated, excepted; I. i. 190. bay'd, barked at, hunted; IV. i. 117. belike, probably: I. i. 130. beteem, grant, bestow upon, endow with; I. i. 181. bootless, in vain; II. i. 37. brakes, thickets; II. i. 227. brief, short list; V. i. 42.

canker-blossom, the worm that destroys blossoms; II. ii. 282.

cankers, worms; II. ii. 3.

barm, yeast; II. i. 38.

changeling, a child changed by fairies in the cradle; II. i. 23. cheer, countenance; III. ii. 96. chide, quarrel; II. i. 145. chiding, barking: IV. i. 119. childing, productive; II. i. 112. chough, formerly applied to all the smaller chattering species of birds, especially the jackdaw; III. ii. 21. coil, turmoil, confusion; III. ii. 839. collied, dark, blackened; I. i. 145. companion, fellow (contemptuous); I. i. 15. compare, contest, vie: II. ii. 99. con, learn by heart: I. ii. 102: V. i. 80. conceits, fancies, pretty devices: I. i. 33. consecrate, consecrated: V. i. 422. constancy, consistency; V. i. 26. continents, banks; II. i. 92. cov. fondle: IV. i. 2. crab, crab-apple; II. i. 48. crazed, flawed; I. i. 92. cry, pack of hounds; IV. i. 121. cues, catch-words, by which the actor knows when he is to enter, or speak: III. i. 102. curst, ill-tempered, shrewish; III. ii. 300. darkling, (adv.), in the dark; II. ii. 86. dear expense, a slight gain for which a high price has been paid; I. i. 249. deriv'd, descended, born; I. i. 99. dewlap, loose skin hanging from the throat; II. i. 50. Cf. IV. i. 126. discharge, act: IV. ii. 8.

earthlier happy, happier on this earth; I. i. 76. eglantine, sweetbriar; II. i. 252.

Egypt, an Egyptian, a gypsy; V. i. 11. eke, also; III. i. 97. extenuate, mitigate, make light; I. i. 120. eyne, eyes; II. ii. 99; V. i. 178.

fancy, love; I. i. 155; IV. i. 167.
fancy-free, free from love's control; II. i. 164.
fancy-sick, love-sick; III. ii. 96.
favour, beauty; I. i. 186.
fell, savage, angry; II. i. 20; V. i. 227.
flew'd, with large hanging chaps; IV. i. 124.
fond, foolish; II. ii. 88; III. ii. 114.
force, necessity; III. ii. 40.
fordone, worn out; V. i. 381.
for that, because; II. i. 220.

gaud, a trinket; I. i. 33; IV. i. 171. gleek, jest, scoff; III. i. 150. government, control; V. i. 124. grace, favour obtained; II. ii. 89. griffin, dragon; II. i. 232.

harbinger, fore-runner; III. ii. 380; see note. head, face; I. i. 106. hight, is called; V. i. 140. hind, female deer; II. i. 232. human, courteous; II. ii. 57. humour, inclination, disposition; I. ii. 31.

immediately, for that very purpose; I. i. 45. impeach, accuse, expose to reproach; II. i. 214. incorporate, made into one body; III. ii. 208. injurious, insulting; III. ii. 195. intend, profess; III. ii. 333. intents, intentions; V. i. 79.

jole, jowl; III. ii. 338. juvenal, youth; III. i. 97.

knacks, knick-knacks; I. i. 34.
knot-grass, a weed with small pink flowers, supposed to stunt the growth: III. ii. 329.

latch'd, anointed; III. ii. 36.
leviathan, whale; II. i. 174.
lingers, postpones; I. i. 4.
livery, any distinctive costume; I. i. 70; II. i. 113.
lob, country bumpkin, clown; II. i. 16.
lode-stars, guiding stars, like the pole-star; I. i. 183.
lose, let slip; I. i. 114.
love-in-idleness, the pansy; II. i. 168.

mechanicals, mechanics, workingmen; III. ii. 9. mew'd, caged in; I. i. 71. mimic, actor; III. ii. 19. misgraffed, ill-matched; I. i. 137. mispris'd, mistaken; III. ii. 74. misprision, mistake; III. ii. 74. misprision, momentary; I. i. 142. mous'd, torn as a cat does a mouse; V. i. 274. murrain, infected with murrain or plague; II. i. 97.

neaf, fist; IV. i. 20.
neeze, sneeze; II. i. 56.
newt, a small water lizard; II. ii. 11.
night-rule, revelry by night; III. ii. 5.
nole, noddle, head; III. ii. 17.

oes, spangles, circles; III. ii. 188. ounce, a lynx; II. ii. 80.

ousel, blackbird; III. i. 128. owe. own: II. ii. 79.

pard, leopard; II. ii. 31. parlous, perilous; III. ii. 14. parts, qualities; III. ii. 153.

passing, surpassing, extremely; II. i. 20.

patches, clowns; III. ii. 9. patent, privilege; I. i. 80.

pensioners, retainers, members of the Queen's body-guard;
II. i. 10.

pert, lively; I. i. 13.

plain-song, a simple air, without variations; III. i. 134.

possess'd, endowed with possessions; I. i. 100.

presently, forthwith; IV. ii. 37. prevailment, influence; I. i. 35. proper, handsome; I. ii. 88.

quail, destroy; V. i. 292. quaint, dainty, trim; II. ii. 7. quell, destroy; V. i. 292. quern, mill; II. i. 36. questions, arguments; II. i. 234. quill, note; III. i. 131.

recorder, a kind of flute; V. i. 123. rere-mice, bats; II. ii. 4. respect, estimation; II. i. 224. rounded, surrounded; IV. i. 54. roundel, a dance in a circle; II. ii. 1

sad, serious; II. i. 51; IV. i. 99.
sampler, wool-work on which patterns or samples are designed; III. ii. 205.

sanded, sandy-colored; IV. i. 124.
scrip, written list; I. ii. 3.
sensible, capable of feeling; V. i. 183.
sort, band; III. ii. 21.
sorting, agreeing; V. i. 55.
spleen, sudden outburst (as of passion); I. i. 146.
spotted, defiled, polluted; I. i. 110.
square, quarrel; II. i. 30.
squash, an unripe peascod; III. i. 190.
stretch'd, strain'd,; V. i. 80.

thrum, the tufted part beyond the tie, at the end of the warp, in weaving; V. i. 291. tiring-house, dressing-room; III. i. 5. toward, in progress; III. i. 81. toys, trifles; V. i. 3. translated, transformed; III. i. 122; III. ii. 32. transported, carried away; or, perhaps, transformed; IV. ii. 4. triumph, triumphal procession; I. i. 19. troth, truth; II. ii. 36, 50.

unbreathed, unpractised; V. i. 74. unearned, undeserved; V. i. 439. upon, by; II. i. 244.

vantage, advantage; I. i. 102. vaward, vanguard; IV. i. 109. videlicet, that is to say; V. i. 330. villagery, villages; II. i. 35. votaress, a woman bound by a vow; II. i. 123, 163.

want, miss, lack; II. i. 101. wanton, luxuriant, or, perhaps, sportive; II. i. 99. wasted, consumed; V. i. 382.
waxen, grow, increase; II. i. 56.
weed, garment; II. i. 256; II. ii. 71.
welkin, sky; III. ii. 356.
woodbine, honeysuckle or convolvulus; II. i. 251; see
note on IV. i. 45.
worm, serpent; III. ii. 71.
wot, know; III. ii. 422; IV. i. 168.
wrath, wrathful; II. i. 20.



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